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MANUAL
OF THE
SORROWS


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R Mary the Blessed Virgin

MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS

IN HONOUR OF

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

SECOND EDITION,

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

"Oh! all ye that pass by the way, attend and see, if there be any Sorrow like to my Sorrow."

LONDON:
R. WASHBOURNE, 13, PATERNOSTER ROW;
F. A. LITTLE, 20, CRANBOURN STREET.
MDCCCLXVIII.

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PREFACE.

DEVOTION to the Sorrows of our Blessed Lady dates from Calvary. The Apostolic Church clung round her whom Jesus had given to be its Mother, and ever remembered that it was amid the pains, the Blood, and the agonies of the Passion, that it had become the child of Mary—literally "the child of her Sorrows." The chief characteristic, then, of the Church's first love to our Lady was a deep, tender, loving, and child-like devotion to her Sorrows, and the Apostolic age bequeathed this exquisite feeling to succeeding times. But it was reserved for the thirteenth century, in many respects the grandest period in the history of religion, to develop this intuitive affection, by giving it, as it were, a *form*, and uniting those most attached to this devotion in a confraternity, strongly recommended by the Church, and richly endowed with indulgences, and other favours by the Supreme Pontiffs.

It was in the year 1234 that seven holy men of Florence, retiring from that city into the cloister founded a religious Order,

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under the name of the *Servites*, or *Servants of Mary*, whose especial object was to honour the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin; nor was it long before Heaven miraculously proved that our Blessed Lord, the Man of Sorrows, was well pleased with this affectionate devotion to her who had the most nearly and bitterly shared in His Passion.

This tender sympathy, and the consequent graces richly bestowed by Jesus and Mary, were however not to be confined to the cloister. A lay affiliation of the Servites of Mary was soon established; the habit, or scapular of our Lady of Sorrows, enriched with numerous indulgences, was eagerly sought after by thousands of all ranks. The Crown or Rosary of the "Sorrows" began to emulate the Dominican Rosary; in short, the Confraternity of the "Sorrows," like the great Society of Mount Carmel, spread through Christendom, was in like manner encouraged by holy Popes, and in like manner drew down the favours of God, and the blessings of Mary, on untold thousands of rich and poor.

The great object of this Society is to nourish a loving sympathy with our Blessed

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Mother in her sufferings, and with her, and through her, to unite ourselves with Jesus bleeding and dying for us.

Those who wish to practise this devotion may be divided into two classes—

1st—Those who wear the black Scapular and receive her Crown or Rosary, and join from time to time in the Offices and devotions of her Sorrows.

2nd—Those who, in addition to the above, become enrolled members of the confraternity, with a good intention of regularly observing its rules.

It is with sincere pleasure, and heartfelt gratitude, that we have seen this beautiful devotion established in this country. It has lately been regularly organized as a canonical Confraternity at St. Patrick's, Soho, London, where the first Feast of the Seven Sorrows has been solemnly kept. Of this we are certain, that in proportion as we, the Servants of Mary, compassionate her sufferings and meditate on her great Sorrows, while thus our love for her grows daily "more and more," so also will our love for Jesus crucified still more continually increase. Private devotions will multiply, public Offices will be

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more regularly and more devoutly attended, and, as we confidently believe, Mary will show us a grateful love, and, with her own most marvellous blessing, will bless those who, by compassionating her Sorrows, show themselves the most truly to be her children, and give the sweetest consolation to her afflicted heart.

*** The Indulgences mentioned in this Manual are taken from the Raccolta translated by Father Ambrose St. John, of the Birmingham Oratory, or from the authorized Roman Manual of the Sorrows. We hereby thank Father St. John for the permission kindly given us to use his authorized translations of various Indulgenced Prayers.

St. Patrick's, Soho,
Presentation of Our Blessed Lady.
1861.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE whole of the First Edition having been for many months entirely exhausted, a Second Edition is now presented to the favourable notice of the public.

The work has been carefully revised throughout, and many devout prayers have been added, which it is believed will be welcomed by those devoted to the Sorrows of our Lady.

13, *Soho Square,*
Feast of the Passion of Our Blessed Lord,
1868.

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MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS.

Crown or Chaplet of the Seven Sorrows.

Before reciting the Crown, let us endeavour to feel deeply the bitter sorrow which pierced the heart of our Lady, in her foreknowledge of the Passion and Death of Jesus her beloved Son, and, imagine her, afflicted and sorrowing, saying to us those tender words of the prophet Jeremiah, "*O! all ye that pass by the way, attend and see, if there be sorrow like to my Sorrow.*" Penetrated with these sentiments, let us make a fervent Act of Contrition.

Act of Contrition.

O, most loving Redeemer, humbly prostrate at the foot of the Cross, I beg pardon

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from the bottom of my heart for all my sins which were the cause of Thy bitter Passion, and the overwhelming sorrow of Thy most afflicted Mother. O good Jesus, let not Thy Precious Blood be shed for me in vain. Let the sight of Thy Five Sacred Wounds plead ever to Thy Eternal Father, in behalf of my misery: and through the infinite merits of Thy sacred death and the bitter anguish of Thy holy Mother, grant me grace, dearest Lord, to atone for the past, and to persevere in Thy love and friendship for the future. AMEN.

I.—Let us meditate with profound humility on the first Sorrow of our Lady, when presenting her Son in the Temple, she heard the words of Holy Simeon, that this Child would be a sword to pierce her soul; a prophecy which clearly announced the Passion and Death of Christ our Redeemer.

One *Our Father* and seven *Hail Marys.*

II.—Let us meditate with profound humility on the second Sorrow of our Lady, when in order to escape the murderous designs of cruel Herod, she was obliged to fly with her

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Divine Child into Egypt, and remain in exile there seven years.

One *Our Father* and seven *Hail Marys.*

III—Let us meditate with profound humility on the third Sorrow of our Lady, when returning from Jerusalem, with her spouse St. Joseph, to her poor dwelling, she lost her beloved Jesus, and wept His absence for three successive days.

One *Our Father* and seven *Hail Marys.*

IV.—Let us meditate with profound sorrow and humility on the fourth Sorrow of our Lady, when she met her Divine Son crowned with thorns, and fainting under the load of the Cross.

One *Our Father* and seven *Hail Marys.*

V.—Let us meditate with profound humility on the fifth Sorrow of our Lady, when she beheld the Crucifixion of her Most Holy Son.

One *Our Father* and seven *Hail Marys.*

VI.—Let us meditate with profound humility on the sixth Sorrow of our Lady, when the body of her Divine Son being taken down from the Cross, she received It into her arms.

One *Our Father* and seven *Hail Marys.*

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VII.—Let us meditate with profound humility on the seventh Sorrow of our Lady, when with deep grief she accompanied to the Sepulchre the body of her Son.

One *Our Father* and seven *Hail Marys.*

Let us now say three *Hail Marys* in honour of the tears shed by our Blessed Lady, to beg she will obtain for us, from our Lord, the grace of a like grief for our sins and offences.

Let us Pray.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that the most blessed Virgin Mary, Thy Mother, whose most holy soul was transfixed with the sword of sorrow in the hour of Thy Passion, may intercede for us before the throne of Thy mercy, now and at the hour of our death, through Thee Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

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Stabat Mater.

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword has pass'd.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat,
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blessed
Of the sole begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

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Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret,
In tanto supplicio!
Quis non posset contristari
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentum cum Filio?

Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold!
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Bruis'd, derid'd, curs'd defil'd,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent;
For the sins of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

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Eia Mater! fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam;
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord;
Make me feel as thou hast felt,
Make my soul to glow and melt,
With the love of Christ my Lord.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas,
Cordi meo valide.
Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew,
Of my Saviour crucified.
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

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Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare,
In planctu desidero.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,
All the days that I may live.
By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgo virginum præclara!
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request,
Let me share thy grief divine.
Let me to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

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Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.

Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned,
In His very Blood away.

Flammis ne urar succensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,
In die judicii.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful judgment day.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire,
Ad palmam victoriæ.

Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother, my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paridisi gloria.

While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with thee.

AMEN. AMEN.

An Indulgence of 100 days to those who devoutly repeat the *Stabat Mater* in honour of the Sorrows of the B. V. Mary.

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Salve Regina.

Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiæ:	Hail! Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy:
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra salve.	Our life, our sweetness, and our hope.
Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevæ;	To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve;
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle.	To thee do we send up our sighs, weeping and mourning in this valley of tears.
Eia ergo, Advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte;	Turn then, most gracious Advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us;
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende.	And after this our exile ended, shew unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.	O! most clement, O! most pious, O most sweet Virgin Mary!

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V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

The members of the Confraternity are recommended to say the *Salve Regina* often, in reparation for the injuries done to the honour of the Blessed Mother of God, and that the Devotion of her Sorrows and Sufferings may be spread.

An Indulgence of 60 days is granted to all who assist at the *Salve Regina*, or *Litany of the Blessed Virgin*, on Saturdays.

A plenary Indulgence is granted twice a month on any two Sundays, with the usual conditions, to all who say the *Salve Regina*, with the versicle, *Dignare me*, and *Benedictus Deus in Sanctis suis*, every day, and the *Sub tuum præsidium* with the same Versicles for the above intention, and pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A plenary Indulgence is granted under the same conditions on every Feast of our Blessed Lady, and on the Feast of All Saints.

Litany of our Lady of Sorrows.*

Kyrie eleison	Lord have mercy upon us.
Christe eleison.	Christ have mercy upon us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy upon us.

* This Litany was written in his captivity by Pius VII., who granted a plenary Indulgence to all those who recite it with a contrite heart on Fridays.

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Christe audi nos.	Christ hear us.
Christe exaudi nos.	Christ graciously hear us.
Pater de cœlis Deus,	God the Father of Heaven,
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,	God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
Spiritus Sancte Deus,	God the Holy Ghost,
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,	Holy Trinity, one God
Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis,	Holy Mary, pray for us,
Sancta Dei Genitrix,	Holy Mother of God,
Sancta Virgo virginum,	Holy Virgin of virgins,
Mater crucifixa,	Mother Crucified,
Mater dolorosa,	Sorrowful Mother,
Mater lacrymosa,	Tearful Mother,
Mater afflicta,	Afflicted Mother,
Mater derelicta,	Forsaken Mother,
Mater desolata,	Desolate Mother,
Mater Filio orbata,	Mother bereft of Thy Child,
Mater gladio transverberata,	Mother transfixed with the sword,

Miserere nobis. — Have mercy upon us.

Ora pro nobis. — Pray for us.

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Mater ærumnis confecta,	Mother overwhelmed with grief,	
Mater angustiis repleta,	Mother filled with anguish,	
Mater cruci corde affixa,	Mother crucified in heart,	
Mater mœstissima,	Mother most sad,	
Fons lacrymarum,	Fountain of tears,	
Cumulus passionum,	Mass of suffering,	
Speculum patientiæ,	Mirror of patience,	
Rupes constantiæ,	Rock of constancy,	Pray for us.
Anchora confidentiæ,	Anchor of confidence,	Ora pro nobis.
Refugium derelictorum,	Refuge of the forsaken,	
Clypeus oppressorum,	Shield of the oppressed,	
Debellatrix incredulorum,	Subduer of the unbelieving,	
Solatium miserorum,	Comfort of the afflicted,	
Medicina languentium,	Medicine of the sick,	
Fortitudo debilium,	Strength of the weak,	

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Portus naufragantium,	Harbour of the wrecked,
Sedatio procellarum,	Calmer of tempests,
Recursus mœrentium,	Resource of mourners,
Terror insidiantium,	Terror of the treacherous,
Thesaurus fidelium,	Treasure of the faithful,
Oculus Prophetarum,	Eye of the Prophets,
Baculus Apostolorum,	Staff of Apostles,
Corona Martyrum,	Crown of Martyrs,
Lumen Confessorum,	Light of Confessors,
Margarita Virginum,	Pearl of Virgins,
Consolatio Viduarum,	Consolation of Widows,
Lætitia Sanctorum om[nium.	Joy of all Saints.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,	Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Parce nobis, Jesu.	*Spare us, O Jesus.*
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,	Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Exaudi nos, Jesu.	*Graciously hear us, O Jesus.*

Ora pro nobis. Pray for us.

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Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Miserere nobis, Jesu.

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,

Have mercy on us, O Jesus.

Respice super nos, libera nos, salva nos ab omnibus angustiis in virtute Jesu Christi. AMEN.

Look down upon us, deliver us, and save us from all trouble in the power of Jesus Christ. AMEN.

Scribe, Domina, vulnera tua in corde meo, ut in eis legam dolorem et amorem: dolorem ad sustinendum pro te omnem dolorem; amorem ad contemnendum pro te omnem amorem.

Imprint, O Lady, thy wounds upon my heart, that I may read therein sorrow and love: sorrow, to endure every sorrow for thee; love to despise every love for thine.

Credo, *Salve Regina*, Three *Aves*, in honour of the most holy Heart of Mary.

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Children's Hymn.

TO OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

I.

Oh Mother! most afflicted,
Standing beneath that tree,
Where Jesus hangs rejected
On the hill of Calvary.

CHORUS.

Oh Mary! sweetest Mother,
We love to pity thee,
Oh! for the sake of Jesus
Let us thy children be.

II.

Thy heart is well nigh breaking,
Thy Jesus thus to see,
Derided, wounded, dying,
In greatest agony.

CHORUS.

Oh Mary! sweetest Mother, &c.

III.

His livid form is bleeding,
His soul with sorrow wrung,
Whilst thou, afflicted Mother,
Shar'st the torments of thy Son.

CHORUS.

Oh Mary! sweetest Mother, &c.

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IV.

Oh Mary! Queen of Martyrs,
The sword has pierced thy heart
Obtain for us of Jesus
In thy grief to bear a part.

CHORUS.

Oh Mary! sweetest Mother, &c.

V.

Oh! dear and loving Mother,
Entreat that we may be,
Near to thee and thy dear Jesus
Now and eternally.

CHORUS.

Oh Mary! sweetest Mother, &c.

The Precious Blood.

Hail, Jesus! hail! who, for my sake
Sweet blood from Mary's veins didst take,
And shed it all for me;
Oh, blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;

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Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and Heaven restore,
The Heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own Precious Blood excels
Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath Divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.

Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise;
Oh louder then, and louder still
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise. AMEN.

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The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

O Salutaris Hostia,
Quæ cœli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino,
Sit sempiterna gloria:
Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria. AMEN.

The Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Christe audi nos.
Christe exaudi nos.
Pater de cœlis Deus, *miserere nobis.*
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, *miserere nobis.*
Spiritus Sancte Deus, *miserere nobis.*
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, *miserere nobis.*
Sancta Maria, *ora pro nobis.*
Sancta Dei genitrix
Sancta Virgo virginum,
Mater Christi,
Mater divinæ gratiæ,
Mater purissima,
Mater castissima,
Mater inviolata,
Mater intemerata,
Mater amabilis,

Ora pro nobis.

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Mater admirabilis,
Mater Creatoris,
Mater Salvatoris,
Virgo prudentissima,
Virgo veneranda,
Virgo prædicanda,
Virgo potens,
Virgo clemens,
Virgo fidelis,
Speculum Justitiæ,
Sedes sapientiæ,
Causa nostræ lætitiæ,
Vas spirituale,
Vas honorabile,
Vas insigne devotionis,
Rosa mystica,
Turris Davidica,
Turris eburnea,
Domus aurea,
Fœderis arca,
Janua Cœli,
Stella matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Refugium peccatorum,

Ora pro nobis.

Consolatrix afflictorum,
Auxilium Christianorum,
Regina angelorum,
Regina patriarcharum,
Regina prophetarum,
Regina apostolorum,
Regina martyrum,
Regina confessorum
Regina virginum,
Regina sanctorum omnium,
Regina sine labe originali concepta,

Ora pro nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, *parce nobis, Domine.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, *exaudi nos, Domine.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, *miserere nobis.*

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Tantum Ergo.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum,
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum,
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum,
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, genitoque,
Laus et jubilatio:
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque,
Compar sit laudatio.
AMEN.

V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis.
R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

Oremus.

Deus qui nobis, sub sacramento mirabili, passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti: tribue quæsumus, ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui, sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tui fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. AMEN.

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Method of Hearing Mass,

IN UNION WITH THE SEVEN SORROWS OF MARY.

I adore Thee, O! my God, kneeling at the foot of Thy Altar, and I most humbly thank Thee for all Thy benefits. I beg pardon, from the bottom of my heart, for all my sins, negligences, and omissions, and I beseech of Thee the graces necessary to my state, and more especially for *N.* and *N.* I offer to Thee the Mass now about to be celebrated to obtain *N.* and *N.*, and I put my trust wholly in the merits of Jesus Christ Thy Son, who deigns to be at once the Priest and Victim of this holy Sacrifice. O! Mother of Sorrows, plead for me with thy Son, the Victim of our sins, that I may be again washed, again cleansed, again healed by His Precious Blood.

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The Priest goes to the Altar.

Jesus, with Peter, James, and John goes to the Garden of Gethsemane.

Hast Thou chosen me, O! my Lord, as a witness and companion of Thy Agony of Blood? Out of Thy twelve Apostles Thou didst take with Thee three only to the Garden of Olives, and now Thou hast allowed me, Thy unworthy servant, to follow Thee at a distance, and also to behold Thy sufferings. Watch me, O Lord, and give me grace, lest I faint on the way. Strengthen my heart and enlighten my mind, that I may practise the resolutions made in prayer.

The Priest stands at the Foot of the Altar.

Jesus, prostrate on the ground, is bathed in a Sweat of Blood.

"My soul is sorrowful even unto death." O! my Jesus, my sins caused this fearful Agony both of Thy sacred Body and Soul. My sins stand up before me, and cover me as with a cloud. My anger, my envy, my vanity, my impurity, brought Thee here, and tor-

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tured Thee to blood. Where shall I go from Thy presence, where shall I hide my head? O! let me at least spend the rest of my life in sorrow and contrition for my sins. I will live at Thy feet, my Jesus, and by Thy grace will never leave Thee again.

The Priest goes up to the Altar.

Jesus rises, and goes to meet Judas, who greets Him with a kiss.

O! my Jesus, what shame and suffering awaits Thee in this traitor's kiss! But those who make bad communions treat Thee in the same manner. O! pardon all my negligences, pardon the sacrileges which are committed throughout the world, and while they bind Thy sacred hands loose us from the bonds and chains of our sins.

At the Introit.

Jesus, bound, is dragged before the High Priest.

Sweet Jesus, I follow Thee to the High Priest's house, and I behold Thee buffeted and mocked by the men Thou didst come to save. I kneel before Thee now to beg pardon for my sins, and for the sins of all the world.

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I will love Thee, I will honour Thee, I will serve Thee to my life's end. O! give me this grace.

Kyrie and Gloria.

Peter denies Christ three times.

Peter denies his Lord, and Jesus looks upon him with love and pity. It is not an enemy that hath done this, but the Apostle whom He called and made the Head of His Church. I too, O! my Lord and Master, I too have denied Thee many times. O! cast upon me one look of Thy love, and bring me back to Thy feet!

Collects.

Jesus is led before Pilate.

O! my Saviour, it was the malice and hatred of the Jews that caused them to persecute Thee to death, and drag Thee from court to court to be judged by Satan and the world. It is my sins, O Lord, for which thou art now judged—my sins for which I have not done penance myself. O! grant me true contrition to wash my soul afresh.

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The Epistle.

Jesus again accused before Pilate.

He answered not a word! When I am reviled do I behave in a like manner? Am I meek and dumb as a lamb before its shearers? O! my Saviour, teach me day by day to follow Thy steps and to learn of Thee. Make my heart like unto Thine. Mother of Sorrows, waiting outside in the crowd, how didst thou feel in beholding thy Son, meek and mute before His judge? Oh! plead for us to Him, speak a good word for us to Him. By the memory of Pilate's judgment seat, intercede for us at the judgment seat of Christ!

Gradual.

Jesus is led to Herod, and clothed in a white robe.

For my sake, O Lord, Thou wast treated as a fool. Thou, the very Wisdom of the Eternal Father, the Word of His Power, wast mocked and jested at, and clothed with the garment of an idiot. Oh! why should I ever strive to be thought wise, and to be esteemed as

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such by men? Why should I fill my mind with vanity and praise? I abase myself before Thee. I prostrate myself at Thy feet—amazed at the sight which I behold. Let me too, for the rest of my life, cast away all that is not for Thee. Let me become a fool for Thy sake in this world, that I may be found truly wise at the last day.

The Gospel.

Jesus is Scourged.

He is led forth now, and the cruel blows fall on His bruised flesh. The Blood which is my ransom, flows in streams to the ground. O! Mother of Sorrows, our own dear Mother, look upon that Blood, and plead for me again. For all my sins of the flesh —for all that is contrary to purity of thought, word, or deed, Jesus suffers this cruel shame. Oh! obtain for me at last the grace of the spirit of contrition and penance for my sins.

The Creed.

Jesus is crowned with Thorns.

"Hail, King of the Jews!" Behold the crown which my vanity and pride has wreathed

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for the King of Heaven and Earth. For my cruel sins of the tongue—my judgments and wounding words, He is now railed at and mocked. Because I sought honour from men, He is crowned with the sharpest thorns. O! Mother of Sorrows, beholding thy Divine Son thus led forth and exposed to view, how didst thou feel towards men? 'Behold the Man,' Who was to redeem His lost and wretched brethren. 'Behold the Man' Whom thou didst hold in thy arms, and gently lead by the hand. Oh! remember the day of His cruel crowning, and plead for us, standing at His right hand.

The Offertory.

"I find no fault in Him."

I offer to Thee, now, my Saviour, all the holy Sacrifices that have been, are, or will be celebrated this day at Thy Altars throughout the world. Accept, O! Eternal Father, the Body and Blood of Thy beloved Son, and have mercy upon all sinners, and upon me who am the chief.

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The Preface.

Barabbas is chosen, and Jesus condemned.

Hearken, all ye Angels, and all ye Blessed in Heaven be astonished and confounded. Jesus, your God, is condemned by men, and judged worthy of death. The murderer is chosen in His place, and He is to suffer death for men. But O! my sweet Jesus, have not I too, a thousand and a thousand times, done also like the Jews. Have not I too chosen Barabbas, and crucified Thee by my sins? Have not I chosen a little base pleasure, a little honour, a little praise, a little gain, instead of Thee? Oh! I blush and am confounded before Thee. Mother of Sorrows, take thou my cause in hand. I cannot lift up my head, but I cast myself at thy feet, O! refuge of sinners, and beseech thee to plead for me with thy Son.

The Canon.

Jesus goes forth bearing His Cross.

He goes out to meet His mother. She has waited for Him from court to court. She has seen Him scourged and crowned.

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She knows He is coming, and she is in the way to share His pilgrimage. O! Mother, if thou hadst not been there, how should I have had strength to look on this sight and live? It is *my* Cross He bears upon His shoulders; nay, it is my sins He carries. I have wounded Him to the heart, and He has anointed and healed me with His life's Blood. I have scorned His gifts, and He has loved me with an everlasting love. Oh! Lord, give me Thy love. Let me bear my Cross with Thee, and never leave Thee to my life's end!

The Canon before the Elevation.

Jesus is nailed to the Cross.

O! sacred nails, pierce my flesh, but not the Flesh of my God and my King. My flesh has deeply sinned, but His is pure from the slightest stain. Mother of Sorrows, by the sound of the hammer, piercing thy heart on Calvary, plead with the Heart of thy Divine Son. Plead with Him for me. Obtain for me the grace of true contrition. Let me never forget my sins, but let me with

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zeal and penance fight against my passions and desires till they are nailed to the Cross with Jesus.

The Elevation.

The Cross is lifted up.

The streams of Blood pour from the Sacred wounds. O! my Jesus, Thou didst say, '*And I, when I am lifted up, will draw all men to me.*' Lift me up also, O! my Saviour, but only on the Cross, and to live a life so mortified, so humble, and so hidden, that I may no longer live myself, but Thou in me! Mother of Sorrows, I stand with Thee under the Cross. Remember to speak for me there to the Lord our God. Obtain for me to give my life in His service.

The Canon after the Elevation.

"*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*"

Jesus speaks from the Cross. He prays for His murderers. His wounds plead for them. These are the holes in the rock to which they and all men shall fly for shelter against the wrath of God. O! hide me in

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Thy Heart, hide me in that blessed and life-giving Tabernacle! Mother of Sorrows, by the Seven Words from the Cross, intercede for me with thy Son.

Nobis quoque.

Jesus pardons the good thief.

"This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Oh! my sweet Saviour, let me too profit by Thy love and mercy. Let me also suffer with Thee, that I may reign with Thee for ever.

Pater noster.

"*My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?*"

O! God, hear me also in the hour of terror and distress; hear me also in that day when vain is the help of man! When with strong crying and tears I bewail my sins going down into the valley of the shadow of death; in the hour of that agony, and in the day of judgment, O God, let my Saviour's loud and bitter cry come into Thy ears, for me a sinner.

Mother of Sorrows, Mother of Sinners, plead for the guilty with the Judge.

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Libera Nos.

"Behold thy Mother!" "Behold thy Son!"

O! Jesus, even in the agony of death, and in the hour of abandonment, Thou didst yet remember all men and me! Naked and desolate on the Cross, Thou didst still seek some priceless gift, and bestow it out of the riches of Thy love. Behold Thy Mother! She is given to us for ever to be a refuge and a stay; a mother to the orphaned heart, a friend to the lonely, a comfort to the sorrowful, a pleader at the Throne of Grace. Yes, Lord, prostrate at the foot of Thy Cross, I thank Thee for this priceless gift. Never was it known that Thou didst refuse Thy Mother's prayers.

But Oh! Mother of sorrows, how did the sword pierce thy heart anew in hearing these words—"Behold thy Son!" Alas! Lord, this then was Thy gift to her. Man who crucified and rejected Thee, in place of her Lord and her God. Thou didst take away Jesus, and didst give her poor sinners for her portion, that she might share the utter loss and abandonment of Thy Cross. Yet, take,

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O! Mother, accept the gift of thy Son; leave me not desolate, but obtain for me grace to love Him, grace to follow and love Him, and to be at His feet for ever.

The Breaking of the Host.

"It is consummated."

It is finished, O, my Saviour! The work is done which was given Thee to do, and Thou dost give up Thy soul into the hands of God. Now and for ever I place my soul in Thy hands; do with it whatsoever Thou wilt.

A particle of the Host is put into the Chalice.

The soul of Jesus goes down into limbo.

Go forth, O! Soul of my Jesus, set forth into the shades of limbo to comfort and strengthen the patriarchs and prophets. O! Lord, have pity upon the souls in Purgatory, and refresh them with Thy light. Have pity upon me when I shall go into that purifying fire.

Mother of sorrows! plead for the holy souls in Purgatory, plead for those who are agonizing in this life.

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Agnus Dei.

Jesus is pierced with a lance.

Open Thy sacred Heart, O! Lord, to let mine enter in, that I may dwell there for ever. This day and for ever I give Thee my heart; never let it be separated from Thine.

Domine non sum dignus.

The body of Jesus is laid in His Mother's lap.

Oh! Mother of Sorrows, let me kneel beside thee, and kiss with humble devotion the hands and feet of my Jesus, and even His sacred side. Those feet which were wearied in seeking me, those hands which so often bore me back to the fold, that Heart which loved me with everlasting love! O, Mother, deny me not; let me follow thee to the sepulchre, and stand with thee while He is entombed, shedding tears of sorrow for my sins.

The Priest Purifies the Chalice.

The Body of Jesus is laid in the Sepulchre.

O! come unto my heart, my sweet Jesus, and make me share the fruits of Thy bitter Passion and Death. Heal, enlighten, and

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kindle my soul, that henceforth I may love Thee with a lasting love, and never be separated from Thee.

Dominus vobiscum.

Jesus appears to His Disciples.

Remain with us, O! Lord, remain with us, for the day is far spent. Give us thy peace, which passeth all understanding.

Ite missa est.

Jesus blesses His Apostles, and ascends into Heaven.

Bless me, also, O! my Saviour, even me, the chief of sinners. Bless me also, that I may grow in grace, and be confirmed in virtue, to withstand all the temptations of the devil. Come, O! holy spirit, and kindle in our hearts the fire of Thy love. I adore Thee, O! Incarnate Word—sitting at the Right Hand of the Eternal Father. Grant me Thy love and I will ask no more. Grant that I may praise Thee, reverence Thee, and serve Thee with my whole heart to my life's end. AMEN.

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Little Office of the Seven Sorrows.

Matins and Lauds.

PROPHECY OF HOLY SIMEON.

Hail Mary.

V. O Lord, Thou wilt open my lips,

R. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord make haste to help me.

V. Glory be to the Father, &c.

R. As it was in the beginning, &c. Alleluia.

From Septuagesima till Easter.

Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of everlasting glory.

Hymn.

Mother of Jesus! hail to thee,
Who from the aged Prophet's word
Didst hear how soon thy heart must bleed,
Transfixed by sorrow's sharpest sword.
Mindful of that excessive woe,
Mother, vouchsafe my shield to be,
Get me beyond this vale of tears,
The joys of Heaven one day to see.

ANTHEM. To what shall I compare thee? or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of

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Jerusalem? To what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee? for great as the sea is thy destruction.

V. Thy own soul a sword shall pierce,

R. That out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed.

Let us pray.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that the most blessed Virgin Mary, Thy Mother, whose most holy soul was transfixed with the sword of sorrow in the hour of Thy Passion, may intercede for us before the throne of Thy mercy, now and at the hour of our death, through Thee, Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

Prime.

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Hail Mary.

V. Incline, &c.

V. Glory be to the Father, &c. Alleluia.

Hymn.

Mother of Jesus! hail to thee!
With heavy heart and tearful eye,
Constrained by Herod's impious rage,
An exile from thy home to fly.

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Queen of the Saints! sweet exiled Queen,
We too, poor exiles, hope in thee,
Beg that by trials unsubdued,
Partners with Christ we still may be.

ANTHEM. Behold, O Lord, for I am in distress, my heart is turned within me, for I am full of bitterness: abroad the sword destroyeth, and at home there is death alike.

V. Lord, all my desire is before thee.

R. And my groaning is not hidden from thee.

Let us pray. Grant, &c.

Tierce.

LOSS OF THE CHILD JESUS.

Hail Mary.

V. Incline, &c.

V. Glory be to the Father, &c. Alleluia.

Hymn.

Mother of Jesus! hail to thee
For three days seeking Christ in vain,
Lamenting thy most cruel loss
With bitter sighs and keenest pain.

By this thy grief get me the grace
To seek thy Son, to find him too,

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And when once found, with ardent love
To cling to Him my whole life through.

ANTHEM. Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: there is none to comfort her of all them that were dear to her.

V. He hath made me desolate.

R. Wasted all the day long.

Let us pray. Grant, &c.

Sext.

MEETING OF JESUS CARRYING HIS CROSS.

Hail Mary.

Incline, &c.

Glory be to the Father, &c. Alleluia.

Hymn.

Mother of Jesus! hail to thee,
Whose eyes beheld thy Blessed One
By cruel sinners seized and scourged,
Jesus, thine own and God's dear Son.

O! by the pain thou then didst share,
By all thy pity, all thy love,
Screen me from woes my sins deserve,
To me a more than mother prove.

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ANTHEM. Behold, O Lord, my affliction, because the enemy is lifted up: the enemy hath put out his hands to all her desirable things.

V. Who will give water to my head?

R. And a fountain of tears to my eyes?

Let us pray. Grant, &c.

None.

CRUCIFIXION.

Hail Mary.

V. Incline, &c.

V. Glory be to the Father, &c. Alleluia.

Hymn.

Mother of Jesus! hail to thee,
Who standing 'neath the Cross's tree,
Weeping didst see thy sweetest Son,
Dying alas! in agony.

O by the sword which pierced thy heart,
The grief which rent thy heart in twain,
With mighty love, when death is near,
Mother, my sinking soul sustain.

ANTHEM. O! all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be sorrow like unto my sorrow.

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V. All they that pass by the way have clapped their hands at thee.

R. They have hissed and wagged their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem.

Let us pray. Grant, &c.

Vespers.

TAKING DOWN FROM THE CROSS.

Hail Mary.

V. Incline, &c.

V. Glory be to the Father, &c. Alleluia.

Hymn.

Mother of Jesus! hail to thee!
Receiving from the Cross with tears,
Thy Son Whose sacred lifeless Form,
Disfigured by His wounds appears.

O! clasp me, Mother, in thine arms,
O! clement Mother, keep me there,
And grant me till my dying hour
That blessed resting place to share.

ANTHEM. Call me not Noemi (that is beautiful), but call me Mara (that is bitter), for the Almighty hath quite filled me with bitterness.

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V. They have dug My hands and My feet.
R. They have numbered all My bones.
Let us pray. Grant, &c.

Complin.

BURIAL.

Hail Mary.

V. Incline, &c.
V. Glory be to the Father, &c. Alleluia.

Hymn.

Mother of Jesus! hail to thee!
Whose tears fell on Christ's silent tomb,
Who there didst mourn with anguished heart,
O'er thy dear Son's most cruel doom.
O, by grief's great virtue, get
For us poor sinners strength to bear
Sorrows on earth, and after death
The joys of Saints in Heaven to share.

ANTHEM. Therefore do I weep, and my eyes run down with water, because the Comforter, the relief of my soul, is far from me.

V. Rachel bewailing her children will not be comforted.
R. Because they are not.
Let us pray. Grant, &c.

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Devout Exercise to the Sorrows of Our Lady.

I.—We compassionate thee, Queen of Martyrs and Mother of God, in thy bitter grief, when thou didst hear the prophecy of the holy Simeon, which revealed to thee the Passion and Death of thy beloved Jesus. O! most afflicted Virgin, we beg of thee to obtain for us perfect resignation to the will of God, and grace to bear patiently, and even cheerfully, the crosses and trials His divine wisdom may appoint for us, seeing that His most beloved ones have ever been tried in the furnace of tribulation. We beseech thee, likewise, to obtain from our Lord eternal rest for those souls in Purgatory, who, during this life, were most devoted to thee. AMEN.

Our Father. *Hail Mary.* *Eternal Rest.*

II.—We compassionate thee, Queen of Martyrs and Mother of God, in the bitter agony which filled thy maternal heart, when

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informed by St. Joseph, at midnight, that thou must at once arise and haste with thy Divine Child into Egypt, because Herod sought to slay Him. O, most afflicted Virgin! we beseech thee, through thy merits and intercession, to obtain for us a prompt and willing obedience to the commands of our holy religion, and a prudent indifference to the transitory things of this world, that we may lay up for ourselves eternal treasures in the kingdom of heaven. We beseech thee, likewise, to obtain from Our Lord eternal rest for those souls in Purgatory, who, during this life, were most devoted to thee. AMEN.

Our Father. *Hail Mary.* *Eternal Rest.*

III.—We compassionate thee, Queen of Martyrs and Mother of God, in the bitter sorrow which thou didst feel in losing thy most dear Son, and in seeking Him disconsolately for the three days during which thou wert deprived of His sweet presence. O! most afflicted Virgin, should we ever have the misfortune to lose Jesus by mortal sin, obtain for us, we beseech thee, that we may never rest till we have found Him, where

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we ought to seek Him,—in the Sacrament of Penance. We beseech thee, likewise, to obtain from our Lord eternal rest for those souls in Purgatory, who, during this life, were most devoted to thee. AMEN.

Our Father. *Hail Mary.* *Eternal Rest.*

IV.—We compassionate thee, Queen of Martyrs and Mother of God, in the bitter grief which oppressed thy heart in beholding thy beloved Son crowned with thorns, and supporting on His delicate shoulders the weight of the Cross. O! tender Mother, obtain for us, we beseech thee, the spirit of penance, by which we may atone for the past, and by using a holy severity to ourselves, guard against temptation for the future. We beseech thee, also, to obtain from our Lord eternal rest for those souls in Purgatory, who, during this life, were most devoted to thee. AMEN.

Our Father. *Hail Mary.* *Eternal Rest.*

V.—We compassionate thee, Queen of Martyrs and Mother of God, in the bitter grief which pierced thy heart on Mount Calvary, when thou didst behold thy beloved

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Son suffer, agonize, and die between two thieves. O! most afflicted Mother, we beseech thee, obtain for us grace constantly to die to ourselves, and to all that may separate us from God. May we never, even for an instant, harbour rancour or revenge in our hearts; but, following the example of our Blessed Lord, pardon and love all who may have injured us, even our bitterest enemies. Obtain also, we beseech thee, from our Lord eternal rest for those souls in Purgatory, who, during this life, were most devoted to thee. AMEN.

Our Father. *Hail Mary.* *Eternal Rest.*

VI.—We compassionate thee, Queen of Martyrs and Mother of God, in the bitter grief which pierced thy heart when the body of thy most sweet Son being taken down from the Cross, thou didst receive It into thy arms, and contemplate His sacred wounds. O! most disconsolate Virgin, obtain for us, we beseech thee, a fervent devotion to the Passion of thy Divine Son, and a constant remembrance of thy own bitter Sorrows, that so we may be able, truly,

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to say with the Apostle, "*I know nothing but Christ and Him crucified.*" Obtain also, we beseech thee, from our Lord eternal rest for those souls in Purgatory, who, during this life, were most devoted to thee. AMEN.

Our Father. *Hail Mary.* *Eternal Rest.*

VII.—We compassionate thee, Queen of Martyrs and Mother of God, in the bitter sorrow which oppressed thy heart when the body of thy beloved Son, being placed in the tomb, thou didst remain alone, sorrowing, overwhelmed with unutterable anguish. O! most sweet Mother, we beseech thee obtain for us the grace of a lively faith, of a firm hope, and of an ardent charity; such as thou, most dear Lady, didst exercise, in the midst of thy own bitter trials. Obtain also, we beseech thee, from our Lord eternal rest for those souls in Purgatory, who, during this life, were most devoted to thee. AMEN.

Our Father. *Hail Mary.* *Eternal Rest.*

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Meditations for the Seven Fridays.

A plenary Indulgence is granted to those who follow this Devotion for seven succeeding Fridays in the year, under these conditions :—

1st.—Confession and Communion. 2nd.—Reading the Meditations with attention. 3rd.—Reciting the Crown or Beads of the Seven Dolours, or saying seven times the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*. 4th.—Visiting on each of the seven Fridays the altar or image of Our Lady of Sorrows.

The most suitable times for the practice of this Devotion are the seven Fridays before the Feast of the Seven Dolours, in the month of September, and those preceding the Friday in Passion Week.

FIRST SORROW.

The Prophecy of Holy Simeon.

"And thy own soul a sword shall pierce."—*St. Luke* ii.

Let us represent to ourselves the Temple, our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, and the Infant Jesus in the arms of holy Simeon.

Let us beg the grace that Jesus may continually lift us up, and that His Precious Blood may never be our condemnation.

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The sorrow of Mary was intense, when she heard the prophecy of the holy old man Simeon—*Thy soul a sword shall pierce.* By a Divine light she then fully understood the sufferings of the Passion and the part she was to bear in them. She shared the agony and abandonment of Jesus, now still an Infant in her arms. Nevertheless while tasting the bitterness of suffering, she bowed her head, and accepted the decrees of God. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord—Be it done unto me according to thy word." Obtain for us, O most sorrowful Mother, the grace of accepting all that the Divine will prepares for us, however bitter may be the trial. Obtain that thy Divine Son may be our resurrection, and not our ruin at the last day.

Practice. Continual recollection of death.

Hail Mary.

Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew,
Of my Saviour crucified.

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SECOND SORROW.

The Flight into Egypt.

"Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt."—*St. Matt.* ii.

Let us represent to ourselves our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph flying by night, carrying the Infant Jesus.

Let us ask the grace of instant and unhesitating obedience to God's commands.

The Angel has spoken. St. Joseph made known the Divine will to our Blessed Lady, and without listening for an instant to the suggestions of human prudence, without enquiring why the Son of God should fly, or why they should go into an idolatrous and distant country,—Mary hastily, but calmly makes everything ready, and, in the darkest hour of the night, leaves her modest home, and sets out for exile in an unknown land. St. Joseph's work must be given up—they had no means of support, they were without friends or help of any kind,—Yet, in spite of all these objections, and though weighed

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down by sorrow and fear for her Son, Mary utters not a word. O! Mother of Sorrows, persecuted and forced to fly by the cruel tyrant Herod, grant me to see the Hand of God in all the trials of life, and cheerfully to accept the Divine will.

Practice. To accept the vexations of the day in honour of the Sorrows of Mary.

Hail Mary, &c. Holy Mother, &c.

THIRD SORROW.

The Loss of Jesus in the Temple.

"Son, why hast thou done so to us? Behold, Thy Father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."—*St. Luke* ii.

Let us represent to ourselves our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph seeking Jesus with great sorrow and distress.

Let us ask the grace of seeking our Lord with fervour. Mary has lost all that she possessed. Her Divine Son, her sweet Jesus, her Consolation and her Joy is gone, and she knows not where to find Him. She asks every one they meet on the road, she seeks

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in every house, for some trace, some tidings of Jesus. "Tell me, have you seen Him whom my soul loveth." No; He has hidden Himself from her, and her grief bursts forth afresh. O! Mother of Sorrows, if ever I should lose Him by sin, or by any wilful fault, obtain for me the grace of seeking Him with fervour, and of finding Him again by contrition and penance. By the remembrance of thine own grief grant my petition, which I make through thy sorrowful Heart.

Practice. To seek Jesus by some act of penance.

Hail Mary, &c. *Holy Mother, &c.*

FOURTH SORROW.

The Meeting with Our Lord on Calvary.

"And there followed Him a great multitude of people and of women who bewailed and lamented Him."—*St. Luke* xxiii.

Let us represent to ourselves Jesus bearing His Cross, and meeting His Blessed Mother. Let us beg the grace of fortitude and constancy.

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We behold the King of kings after His cruel scourging, crowned with thorns, and going forth, bearing the Cross laid upon His bleeding shoulder. And while thus passing up the Hill of Scorn, leaving at every step drops of that Precious Blood, by which He redeemed the world, He met His Blessed Mother. O! Mother, far more than martyr, what sword then truly pierced thy heart, and made thee partaker of all the sufferings of His Passion! Yes, as His failing eyes then met thine own, and not a word was spoken, thou mightest truly say to all the world:—"Behold and see, if there is any sorrow like to my sorrow." But obtain for me, dear Mother, the grace of following thee. Obtain that, as thy child, I may never shrink back from Jesus bearing His Cross; but like thee, and following in thy steps, that I too may patiently bear the crosses and trials which are laid upon me.

Practice. To accept with courage and in silence the humiliations of the day.

Hail Mary, &c. *Holy Mother, &c.*

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FIFTH SORROW.

The Crucifixion.

"Where they crucified Him." . . "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother."—*St. John* xix. 18, 25.

Let us represent to ourselves Jesus crucified between two thieves. Let us beg the grace of a total crucifixion of our passions.

Jesus has ascended the throne given Him by men. He came down from His throne at the Right Hand of the Eternal Father, and took willingly in exchange the scorn and shame of being lifted up on the throne of the Cross. He hangs between Heaven and earth, the Victim, Prince and King, for man who insults and rejects Him. The Apostles had fled away affrighted, and there remain only the Disciple whom He loved, and a few women, faithful to the last. Mary "stood" beside the Cross. She is not sinking on the ground, fainting and shrinking from the agony of His death. Though her heart is breaking, and sorrow hath overwhelmed her like the waves of the deep sea, and men's hearts are failing them for fear, and the sun

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is darkened, and the earth rocking, and creation, groaning and travailing, seems about to return to chaos at the death of its Creator, she still stands by the Cross to teach her children what strength and power and might of consolation abide in the Passion of Christ.

O Passion of Christ, strengthen and lift us up! O Queen of Martyrs, let us not shrink from the bitter chalice; but let us stand with thee under the Cross, that we may stand with thee also at the Right Hand of thy Son, for ever and ever.

Practice. To give up, for this day, some innocent indulgence or gratification.

Hail Mary, &c. *Holy Mother, &c.*

SIXTH SORROW.

Jesus is taken down from the Cross.

"And Joseph, taking the Body, wrapt it up in a clean linen cloth."—*St. Matt.* xxvii.

Let us represent to ourselves the Sacred Body of Jesus, bound in clean linen and laid upon His Blessed Mother's lap.

Let us beg the grace of a great and con-

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stant reverence for Jesus, in the Blessed Sacrament.

What words can express the Sorrow of Mary, as she sits thus on Mount Calvary, holding the body of Jesus on her knees?

She looks upon that beloved face, fairer than those of the children of men, and she sees it pale, disfigured, and covered with wounds. His hands and feet are pierced, His side is opened with a spear. "He came to His own," and they rewarded Him with wounds and blows. "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep for yourselves and for your children." Behold what they have done to the Lord their God. O! Mother of Sorrows, let me too sit by thy side. The multitude pass by, wagging their heads and scoffing at their King. Let me stay with thee, binding up His wounds, and viewing the print of the nails.

Practice. To do some act of charity to a poor neighbour the day before Communion.

Hail Mary, &c. *Holy Mother, &c.*

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SEVENTH SORROW.

Jesus is laid in the Sepulchre.

"And Joseph wrapped Him up in the fine linen, and laid Him in a sepulchre."—St. Mark xv. 46.

Let us represent to ourselves St. Joseph of Arimathea laying the Body of Jesus in the new sepulchre, hewn out of the rock.

Let us beg the grace of never making a bad Communion.

And now the moment is come when Mary can no longer have the sad satisfaction of holding the Body of Jesus on her knees. Then she could at least wash His wounds with her tears, and kiss them with her loving lips; but they have come to bury Him, and she must give Him up. Oh! what grief did she not feel when He was laid within the dark rock and the stone hid Him from her sight! Now she is indeed stripped of all, and made utterly desolate. "I will arise, and will go about the city: in the streets and the broad ways I will seek Him who my soul loveth; I sought Him and I found Him not." And surely every faithful heart must reply:

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"Whither is thy Beloved gone, O! thou most beautiful among women? whither is thy Beloved turned aside? and we will seek Him with thee." O! Mary, Mother of Sorrows, O! Mary, Queen of Martyrs, obtain for us that our lives may prove our words; obtain that our love may endure to the end. Obtain for us this great grace, which is thine most specially to procure, of perseverance in the love of Jesus, and in a true and living devotion to His Passion. And then, having followed thee in thy sorrows, and having shared in that spirit of penance and sacrifice through which thou didst follow Him the nearest in His sufferings, we may share with thee the blessedness of His presence, in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Practice. To offer some little sacrifice before going to Communion.

Hail Mary, &c. *Holy Mother, &c.*

A Prayer to Our Lady of Sorrows.

AFTER PERFORMING THE MEDITATIONS.

O! Most Blessed Mother, Queen of Sorrows, who didst follow thy beloved Son

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through all the way of the Cross, and whose heart was pierced with a fresh sword of grief at each station of that most sorrowful journey; obtain for us, we beseech thee, O! most loving Mother, a perpetual remembrance of the Cross and Death of our Blessed Saviour, and a true and tender devotion to all the mysteries of His Passion; obtain for us the grace of hating sin, even as He hated it in the Agony in the Garden, to endure wrongs and insults with all patience, as He endured them in the Judgment-hall; to be meek and humble in our trials, as He was meek and humble before His judges; to love our enemies, even as He loved and prayed for His murderers upon the Cross; and to glorify God, and do good to our neighbours, even as He did in every mystery of His sufferings. O! Queen of Martyrs, who by the sorrows of thy Immaculate Heart on Calvary didst merit to share the Passion of our most dear Redeemer, obtain for us some portion of thy compassion, that for the love of Jesus crucified, we may be crucified to the world in this life; and in the life to come may, by His

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infinite merits and thy powerful intercession, reign with Him in glory everlasting. AMEN.

Prayers to be said when visiting the Altar of Our Lady of Sorrows, and at other times.

St. Bridget's Prayer.

O! Blessed Virgin Mary, Immaculate Mother of God, who didst endure a martyrdom of love and grief, beholding the Sufferings and Sorrows of Jesus! thou didst cooperate in the benefit of my redemption by thy innumerable afflictions, and by offering to the Eternal Father His Only Begotten Son, as a Holocaust and Victim of propitiation for my sins. I thank thee for the unspeakable love which led thee to deprive thyself of the fruit of thy womb, Jesus, true God and true Man, to save me a sinner. Oh! use the unfailing intercession of thy Sorrows with the Father and the Son, that I may steadfastly amend my life and never again crucify my loving Redeemer by new sins, and that persevering till death in His grace, I

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may obtain eternal life through the merits of His Cross and Passion.

Three *Hail Marys.*

Prayer to the Sorrowful Heart of Mary.

O! Sorrowful Heart of the Blessed Mother of my Redeemer, which suffered so much for our salvation, thou art my refuge in affliction, my comfort in suffering, and my help in all my trials. Thou who hast loved me with such an ardent love, shalt be the object of my veneration and devotion. Through thy sorrowing heart I will approach my Saviour, and through thee, O! Mother of Sorrows, I desire to receive the graces and mercies of thy Divine Son. Let me learn from thy sorrowful heart humility and obedience, and the fervent love of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Master. AMEN.

A Devout Prayer to Jesus.

It is recorded by Cæsarius, in his work on Miracles, that by reciting the following prayer as often as he passed before a crucifix, a holy Religious was raised at once into Heaven, without passing through Purgatory.

O! Lord Jesus Christ! through the bitterness of Thy Sufferings on the Cross, chiefly when Thy Blessed Soul departed from Thy

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Body, have mercy on my soul now, and at its departure from this world, that it may be brought into life everlasting. AMEN.

Before Confession.

O! Mother most Sorrowful, behold me kneeling at thy feet; have compassion on me, a sinner, and help me by thy powerful intercession. I have sinned against Jesus, by whose Precious Blood I was redeemed. By my grievous sins I have renewed the Passion and Death of my Saviour; I have added to the anguish of thy Immaculate Heart. O! obtain that I may now be truly converted; intercede for me that I may be humble and contrite, that I may make my confession in good dispositions, and be restored to the favour and love of Christ. O! Mother most Sorrowful, show thyself to be my Mother, and obtain that all poor sinners may have recourse to this healing remedy, prepared for us from all Eternity by the love and mercy of our Redeemer. AMEN.

After Confession.

"*Behold thy Mother.*"

Mother of my Jesus, remember that thou

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art my Mother. My soul was committed to thy care by Jesus on Calvary, and He Himself has given thee to be my Mother; my sins have caused thee pain and anguish, but now by God's assisting grace, it shall be so no more. Obtain for me that I may be able to keep my good resolutions, and that I may receive from this holy Sacrament grace to resist temptation, and all the fruits which His Divine will would produce in my soul. Obtain for me, although unworthy of such unmerited mercy, that love of my Saviour which will help me to work out my own salvation, and keep me, united to Him in time and Eternity. AMEN.

Before Communion.

(ST. PHILIP NERI.)

O! Mary, most Blessed Mother of God, Immaculate Virgin, I call upon thee to protect and assist me in all my necessities, but now more than ever, I implore thee most earnestly to come and guide me thyself to Communion. O! dear Mother, give me Jesus, as thou didst give Him into the arms of the shepherds and the wise men, and to

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the holy old man Simeon. Yes! when I see the priest about to give me Communion, I will think that I see Jesus in thy arms: and if thou wilt let me, Blessed Mother, I will imagine that thou bestowest Him with thy pure hands upon me, that I may receive Him with greater reverence, fervour, and profit. AMEN.

Before Communion.

(ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.)

I am going to receive Thee, my God. O! that it were with as great fervour as the Blessed Virgin or any saint ever had. O! that I had the love of a Seraphim, that I might give it to Thee. What shall I offer Thee, my God? What shall my will give Thee? What shall my understanding say to Thee? How shall my memory serve Thee? O! Lord, my God, do Thou Thyself give me what Thou wouldst have me to give to Thee. O! grant that this Communion may make amends for all those which, through my fault, I have not turned to account, and that it may be such as I should desire to make at my last hour.

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After Communion.

I beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, to imprint deeply upon my heart the remembrance of Thy Passion and Death, and of the bitter Sorrows of Thy Blessed and Immaculate Mother, Mary, that nothing henceforth may blot them from my mind, but that they may be my perpetual meditation, night and day, that, at my last breath, I may dwell on Calvary, and with our Blessed Mother of Sorrows at the foot of the Cross. AMEN.

After Communion.

(ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.)

My Blessed Mother, Mother of my Jesus, be a Mother to me during these priceless moments of strict and perfect union with thy Divine Son—moments as full of awe as they are of grace and delight. Thou knowest the depths, the mercies, and the infinite perfections of Christ, and how worthy He is of the undivided love of my heart. Help me to adore, love, and thank Him, and obtain for me that the fountain of living waters which spring up and flow from this life-

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giving Sacrament (*Cant.* iv. 15), may replenish, wash, and free my soul from every hindrance to the perfect reign of Jesus Christ in my heart. AMEN.

Prayer to Our Lady of Sorrows for a Happy Death.

Oh Mary, Refuge of Sinners, sweet Mother, I entreat thee by the Sorrows thou didst experience in beholding thy Divine Son dying on the Cross, help me by thy merciful intercession when my soul is about to leave this world; drive away all evil spirits, come to meet my soul, and present it to the Eternal Judge. O! Queen of Heaven, do not abandon thy child. Next to Jesus thou wilt be my comfort in that fearful hour. Ask of Him to grant me the grace to die kissing in spirit His holy feet, adoring His sacred wounds, and saying with my last breath, "Jesus and Mary, I give you my heart and my soul." AMEN.

Seven *Hail Marys*.

Pius VII. granted an Indulgence of 300 days (applicable to the souls in Purgatory) to those who shall recite the above prayer, with the seven *Aves*.

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Prayer to Our Lady of Sorrows,

FOR THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS.

Oh! afflicted Mother, dearest Mother, what made thee stand beneath the Cross? It was love for Jesus—it was also love for sinners. Like Jesus thou didst willingly offer thyself, amid the horrors of Calvary, for poor sinners. Oh! then by the Blood of Jesus—by thy own tears—by His sufferings and thy sorrows, look down upon sinners and bring them to thy dying Son that He may triumph in their repentance and perseverance. Especially do thou lead to Jesus and to pardon our friends and relations, and the members of this confraternity. Oh! remember, dear Mother, that word of Jesus, "I thirst." For what did He thirst but for the salvation of souls? Remember how He prayed for His executioners and how He absolved the dying thief. Remember too, sweet Mother, that it was amid the agonies of thy dying Son, and amid thy own unutterable grief, that Jesus spoke those wondrous words, "Mother, behold thy son." "Son, behold thy Mother." Oh! we then are thy children—thou art our Mother.

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Sinners are thy children—thou art their Mother. To thy loving heart we commend the poor sinner. Pray for us, most loving, most dear, and most sorrowful Virgin Mary.

An Offering.

Most Holy Virgin, Mother of my Redeemer, I choose thee for my Sovereign Protectrix and Mediatrix, with Jesus thy Divine Son; and, far from abandoning thy service, I will endeavour, as far as depends on me, to procure for thee that honour and glory which are thy due. In token of my irrevocable resolution, I give thee after God all that belongs to me, and, above all, I give thee my heart, that thy most Omnipotent Son may imprint on it thy sorrows. Thou didst adopt me for thy child at the foot of the Cross, deign to receive me among the number of thy servants: assist me in all my actions, and, above all, at the hour of my death, obtain for me that uniting myself with thy sorrows in this valley of tears, I may be constant and faithful in thy service, and merit by the imitation of thy virtues the

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participation of thy eternal happiness and glory. AMEN.

AN ESPECIAL PRAYER

FOR THE

LAST FRIDAY IN EACH MONTH.

To commemorate the Passion of Our Lord and the Sorrows of His most Holy Mother.

Act of Contrition.

O, most loving Redeemer, humbly prostrate at the foot of the Cross, I beg pardon from the bottom of my heart for all my sins which were the cause of Thy bitter Passion, and the overwhelming sorrow of Thy most afflicted Mother. O good Jesus, let not Thy Precious Blood be shed for me in vain. Let the sight of Thy five sacred wounds plead ever to Thy Eternal Father, in behalf of my misery: and through the infinite merits of Thy sacred death and the bitter anguish of Thy holy Mother, grant me grace, dearest Lord, to atone for the past, and to persevere in Thy love and friendship for the future. AMEN.

Here recite three *Paters* and three *Aves*.

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Prayer to our Lord.

O! My God, Who for the redemption of the world wouldst be born, circumcised, rejected by the Jews, betrayed by the kiss of the traitor Judas, bound with cords, conducted as an innocent lamb to the sacrifice; shamefully dragged into the presence of Annas, Caiphas, Pilate, and Herod: accused by false witnesses, buffetted, spit upon, struck, crowned with thorns, ill-treated by the rabble, covered with a veil, loaded with opprobrium, despoiled of Thy garments, crucified with nails; raised on the Cross, placed between two thieves, drenched with gall and vinegar, and pierced with a lance. Thou, O Lord, who besides all these horrible torments didst endure the yet greater agony of witnessing the sufferings of Thy innocent and most loving Mother at the foot of the Cross! I beseech Thee engrave on my heart Thy Passion and her Sorrows, deliver me from the evils of this life, and admit me with the good thief crucified at Thy side

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to that eternal abode of happiness where Thou livest and reignest for endless ages. AMEN.

Recite here seven *Aves* with the same tender devotion we should have had in seeing our Blessed Lady at the foot of the Cross.

Prayer to our Blessed Lady.

O! Sovereign Virgin Mary, most august Queen of Martyrs, what human capacity can conceive, or what tongue can express the immensity of those Sorrows, which filled thy heart with bitterness, and bathed thy face with tears, in beholding and contemplating the Passion and Death of thy most beloved Jesus.

After His sad farewell, when He parted from thee to go to the sacrifice, followed that awful night, when thou didst contemplate Him sweating blood in the garden, taken captive, tortured in a thousand ways, and imprisoned as a malefactor. Then dawned at length that new day: day for ever memorable, when thou didst behold

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Him dragged from tribunal to tribunal, placed in comparison with Barabbas, treated as a fool, overwhelmed with cruel blows and crowned with most piercing thorns. Thou didst hear the echoes of the trumpets, and the oaths of the false witnesses, which served as a pretext for His condemnation. Thou didst behold Him journeying with the Cross on His wounded shoulders, fall three times, and add fresh wounds from the hard stones. Thou didst meet Him in that street of bitterness, when He could not look on thee, for the spittle, the dust, the blood, and the tears which filled His divine eyes. Thou didst behold Him when they pierced His hands and feet with large and cruel nails; and when they lifted Him on the Cross placed between two thieves, thou didst receive on thy head the dew of His Most Precious Blood. Thou didst hear the wondrous legacy of His seven Words, and, especially that in which He left thee John for thy son, and, in him all sinners. Thou didst behold Him consumed with thirst, when His executioners gave Him gall and

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vinegar to drink. Thou didst behold Him with His colour changed, with His lips dry and livid, with His nostrils sharpened, His eyes dulled, and in the last pangs of His agony. Lastly thou didst behold Him expire, and a cruel and impious soldier pierce with a lance His sweet and most loving heart. The agony of thy grief was renewed afresh, when receiving Him dead into thy arms, thou didst count the numberless wounds on His dislocated Body, which thou didst bathe with thy precious and disconsolate tears. Torrents flowed from thy eyes when placing Him in the Sepulchre, thou didst separate thyself from Him, and didst remain alone in desolate forsakenness, contemplating in thy sad solitude one by one, and feeling in their full bitterness the unutterable torments of thy most sweet Son our Redeemer Jesus.

Who, O great Queen, who can penetrate this sea of sorrows, or realize the intensity of the corresponding grief which rent thy heart? grief so great, so profound, and which received such continual increase throughout the Passion of thy Son! I wish,

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O my Queen, I could accompany thee with tears of blood, in these thy terrible sufferings, with tears which would blot out my sins, the true cause of so much suffering, and such great desolation. By these same Sorrows, I beseech thee my most loving Mother, grant that I may become thy devoted servant, and assist me in all my necessities, both of soul and body.

Assist me above all at the hour of my death, that by thy sweet presence and powerful protection, I may obtain the fruit of thy merits, and shew thee my eternal gratitude in that country which thou dost inhabit. Amen.

Recite a *Credo.*

Crown of the most holy Wounds of Our Lord.

This Crown is composed of five fives of *Gloria Patris*, meditating on the Wounds of Our Lord; and of five *Ave Marias* in honour of Our Lady of Sorrows, in the following manner:

I.—On the Wound of the left foot—

Five times the *Gloria Patri;* one *Ave Maria.*

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II.—On the Wound of the right foot—

Five times the *Gloria Patri;* one *Ave Maria.*

III.—On the Wound of the left hand—

Five times the *Gloria Patri;* one *Ave Maria.*

IV.—On the Wound of the right hand—

Five times the *Gloria Patri;* one *Ave Maria.*

V.—On the Wound in the side—

Five times the *Gloria Patri;* one *Ave Maria.*

This Devotion has no particular prayers assigned to it, but, at the end of each five, may be added the following

EJACULATION.

I offer to Thee, O Eternal Father, the precious Blood shed by Our Lord Jesus Christ from the Wound.....in expiation for my sins, and for the necessities of the Church.

Conclude by the prayer, page 77, and the following Offering to Our Lady of Sorrows.

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Offering to the most Holy Virgin.

Most Holy Virgin, Queen of Martyrs, and Advocate of Sinners, I humbly pray thee that thou wouldst deign to offer to thy Divine Son Jesus, our Redeemer, this Crown, in thanksgiving for the merits of His most bitter Passion; and, in memory of thy sorrowful compassion, to obtain for me the grace that as I cannot suffer as He did, I may at least sorrow with thee, and that the painful remembrance of His torments may be a powerful motive to enable me to repent of my sins, to correct my vices, and to advance in virtue, and conformity to the Divine will.

I recommend to thy powerful intercession, O my sweet Mother, and to that of all the angels and saints, the Holy Catholic Church, that heresies may be extirpated, schisms cease, and peace and concord reign between Christian princes. Protect our Holy Father the Pope, our ecclesiastical superiors, the bishops, priests, and all the clergy. Protect also our parents, our friends, and our enemies, the living and the dead, for whom I ought and wish to pray, to the end that

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we may all one day be re-united in the bosom of God, to glorify Him, bless Him, and love Him for all eternity. Amen.

Supplication.

TO BE MADE EVERY DAY.

Make seven petitions to the Eternal Father in favour of the poor souls, uniting the merits of the Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ with the Sorrows of His Most Holy Mother, in the following manner:

FIRST.

Omnipotent and Eternal God, through the Precious Blood, shed by thy Divine Son Jesus in the garden, and in union with the Sorrows of His Most Holy Mother, we beseech Thee to pardon the souls in Purgatory, and, in particular, the one most abandoned. Admit it to Thy Glory that it may eternally bless and praise Thee. AMEN.

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri.

SECOND.

Omnipotent and Eternal God, through the Precious Blood, shed by Thy Divine Son Jesus, in His most cruel scourging, and in union with the Sorrows of His Most Holy

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Mother, we beseech Thee to pardon the souls in Purgatory, and, in particular, the one nearest its deliverance, that it may commence at once to praise Thee and bless Thee eternally in Thy Glory. AMEN.

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri.

THIRD.

Omnipotent and Eternal God, through the Precious Blood shed by Thy Divine Son Jesus, in His most cruel crowning with thorns, and in union with the Sorrows of His Most Holy Mother, we beseech Thee to pardon the souls in Purgatory, and, in particular, the one which will remain the longest in that place of torments, that the period of its deliverance may be hastened, in order that it may praise Thee and bless Thee eternally in Thy glory. AMEN.

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri.

FOURTH.

Omnipotent and Eternal God, through the Precious Blood shed by Thy Divine Son Jesus, in the streets of Jerusalem, when He bore on His shoulders the heavy load of the

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Cross, and in union with the Sorrows of His Most Holy Mother, we beseech Thee to pardon the souls in Purgatory, and, in particular, the one most rich in merits, and that Thou wouldst bestow on it that sublime throne of glory it ardently desires, that it may praise Thee and bless Thee eternally. AMEN.

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri.

FIFTH.

Omnipotent and Eternal God, through the Precious Body and Blood of Thy Divine Son Jesus, which, on the night of His Passion, He gave as meat and drink to His Apostles, and which He left to his whole Church, to be a perpetual sacrifice and life-giving food for His faithful servants, and, in union with the Sorrows of His Most Holy Mother, we beseech Thee to pardon the souls in Purgatory, and, in particular, the one most devoted to this Mystery of Infinite Love, that it may praise Thee, in union with Thy Divine Son and the Holy Ghost, eternally in Thy Glory. AMEN.

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri.

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SIXTH.

Omnipotent and Eternal God, through the Precious Blood shed by Thy Divine Son Jesus on the Wood of the Cross, especially from His hands and feet, and, in union with the Sorrows of His Most Holy Mother, we beseech Thee to pardon the souls in Purgatory, and, in particular, the one for whom I am most bound to pray, that not continuing to suffer through my fault, it may be at once admitted to bless Thee and praise Thee eternally in Thy glory. AMEN.

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri.

SEVENTH.

Omnipotent and Eternal God, through the Precious Blood which flowed from the side of Thy Beloved Son Jesus, in the presence of His Most Holy Mother, and by her Sorrows, we beseech Thee to pardon the soulsin Purgatory, and, in particular, the one most devoted to His Blessed Mother, in order that the more speedily it is admitted to Thy glory, the earlier it may begin to praise Thee in her, and her in Thee, for endless ages of ages. AMEN.

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Gloria Patri.

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Prayers to our Lady of Sorrows.

FOR THE DYING.

I.—O! most Holy Virgin, by the Sorrows which transfixed thy heart when the aged Simeon foretold the affliction thou wouldst endure at the death of thy Divine Son, we entreat thee to pray for *N.N.*, now at the point of death, that he (*she*) may be filled with true contrition.

Hail Mary.

II.—O! most gracious Virgin, by that Sorrow thou didst experience when thou wast forced to fly with thy Son Jesus into Egypt from the persecutions of Herod, deliver this soul, *N.N.*, from the malice of the Evil One.

Hail Mary.

III.—O! most afflicted Virgin, by that Sorrow thou didst feel in losing thy Son Jesus, pray for this soul, *N.N.*, that he (*she*) may not be lost, but may dwell for ever with thee in heaven.

Hail Mary.

IV.—O! most Sorrowful Virgin, by that pain which thou didst feel at seeing thy

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Son Jesus so ill-treated by the Jews, have pity on this departing soul, *N.N.*, and obtain his (*her*) release from all the temptations of the last hour.

Hail Mary.

V.—O! most distressed Virgin, by that sorrow which thou didst feel at seeing thy Son Jesus bear on His wounded shoulders His heavy Cross, help this departing soul, *N.N.*, to bear patiently the Cross of his (*her*) sufferings, for the love of thy dear Son.

Hail Mary.

VI.—O! most disconsolate Virgin, by that unspeakable grief thou didst experience in seeing thy Son Jesus crucified between two thieves, pray for this soul, *N.N.*, that the recollection of his (*her*) sins may pierce his (*her*) heart with contrition, as the nails pierced the body of our Divine Lord.

Hail Mary.

VII.—O! most desolate Virgin, by that Sorrow thou didst feel in receiving into thy arms the dead body of thy Son Jesus pray,

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for this departing soul, that he (*she*) may be received into eternal glory in Heaven.

Hail Mary.

Supplication to our Blessed Lady of Sorrows.

FOR THE HOLY SOULS IN PURGATORY.

O! Most Blessed Virgin Mary, my Mother, I turn to thee in supplication, and by that sword which pierced thy sorrowful heart, at beholding thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, bow down His head and give up the Ghost, I pray and beseech thee to succour the holy souls in Purgatory, and particularly those for whom I now pray, *N.N.* O! Mother of Sorrows, Queen of Martyrs, for the love of thy Divine Son, whose Precious Blood was shed for us, help us who are in danger not only of falling into Purgatory, but of losing our souls for ever in hell, with thy powerful intercession. O! Mary our Mother, Mother of Grace, Mother of Mercy, pray for us now and at the hour of our death. O! Eternal Father, through the most Precious Blood of Jesus, and through the Sorrows of Mary,

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have pity upon the holy souls in Purgatory. AMEN.

The Desolation of our Blessed Lady.

There is a devotion in connection with our Blessed Lady's Sorrows which should not be overlooked by those who desire to be her faithful children. It is the devotion to her Desolation. First, from Good Friday night to the dawn of Easter Day, when her beloved Son was hidden from her eyes in the tomb; and secondly, through the years, whether fifteen or more, that she consented to prolong her exile upon earth, in order that she might be the nursing Mother of the Infant Church, and the guide and support of the Apostles. It is a devotion fully recognized by the Church; and that relating to the period from Friday to Sunday is enriched with indulgences. It is wished that it may attract more general attention for it affords food for profitable meditation.

When the Apostles, standing on the Mount of Olives, saw their beloved Master taken away out of their sight into Heaven, they

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were still but little experienced in the arduous task before them. On the day of Pentecost the sevenfold gifts of the Spirit were poured forth upon them, and upon her also, who was the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, and already so unspeakably rich in wisdom and in grace. It might almost appear strange that having received so much, and responded so perfectly to all she had received, her pure soul could yet contain deeper draughts of that living water. But Mary was to be the living help of the College of the Apostles. She was to remain on earth yet some years to come, as the Instructress, the Counsellor, and the Consoler of the Disciples of her Divine Son. In the old dispensation the Tables of the Law were deposited in the Ark of the Covenant (*Deut.* x. 3-5).; and as the Children of Israel marched onwards, the Ark of the Covenant went before them (*Numbers* x. 33). In the new dispensation the wisdom and the grace of the law of Christ were deposited in her, the Fœderis Arca, of whom the Jewish Ark of the Covenant was the prototype. And she, like her

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prototype, "went before" in the first years of the Church's progress upon earth. And no less truly and really does she now go before, and prepare our way, by her powerful intercession in Heaven. Thus it was fitting that she should participate in the grace poured forth on the twelve Apostles, when they were gathered together on that wonderful Whit-Sunday. And with that new flood of grace Mary entered on her Desolation, and endured her prolonged exile for love of the Church. If we reflect upon how intense must have been Mary's love for the Church, which could induce her thus to prolong her absence from Jesus, that she might minister to her children upon earth, we shall learn the importance and the sweetness of devotion to Mary's Desolation. It is an act of gratitude that we owe her, in return for her willing extension of exile from the joys of Heaven.

It is also a devotion specially adapted to the present time, when the progress of infidelity and opposition to the Church make it doubly needful that Mary should manifest her power more and more, as the Ark of the

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Covenant and the Help of Christians. It is to Mary's advocacy that we look for the triumph of the Church, that triumph so often noticed in the history of the Church, in the long combat between truth and error, between light and darkness. Let us, then, plead with Mary, by her long Desolation, to help her children. The love which caused her, after the Crucifixion and the Ascension of her Divine Son, to delay her own departure, has not lessened amidst the glories of her Queenship in Heaven. Let us dwell lovingly on what she sacrificed for the Church then, that we may reap the benefits of it now, remembering always that her Desolation was the mysterious continuation of her sorrows, and that the Mater Addolorata is also the Mater Desolata.

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Hour or half-hour of Prayer or Meditation on Good Friday, and other Fridays, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in her Desolation after the death of her Divine Son.

Pope Pius VII. of holy memory, who had a deep devotion to the Sorrows of Our Blessed Lady, enriched this Devotion with many Indulgences, recommending it to the fervent practice of the faithful, and by a rescript of the Sacred College of Indulgences dated June 18, 1822, granted—

1. *A plenary Indulgence* to all those who from three o'clock on Good Friday until mid-day on Holy Saturday (the hour on that day when Holy Church invites the faithful to rejoice in the resurrection of Jesus Christ), shall, either in public or in private, spend one hour, or at least one half hour, in honour of most Blessed Mary in Desolation, by meditating on her Seven Sorrows, or any other meditations and prayers having reference to her Desolation. This Indulgence is gained when by Confession and Communion they fulfil the precept of Paschal Communion.

2. An *Indulgence of* 300 *days*, on other Fridays, whenever between three o'clock on that day and the dawn of Sunday, they practise this Devotion.

3. A *plenary Indulgence* each month to all who have practised it every week in the month, provided they go to Confession and Communion on one of the last days of the Devotion.

I. Meditation.

Mary at the Holy Sepulchre.

Let us meditate on the sufferings of Mary as she stands by the tomb.

Let us look on that face of bitter anguish and desolation. A short time before, and the

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sacred body of Jesus disfigured and covered with wounds and bruises had rested in her arms! but now Jesus is no longer present! Mary had shared with her Divine Son all the Sufferings of His Passion, but now she is alone in her grief, for Jesus is no more. Oh! what grief is like unto her grief! Let us ask ourselves who has caused all this sorrow? It is I, O! my Mother, it is my sins that crucified thy Son. It is thy adopted child who has bereaved thee of thy Own! Had it not been for sin, Jesus would never have died.

Colloquy. O! Blessed Mother, Mother of Mercy, have pity on me, accept the tears of a truly contrite heart, and offer them in union with those thou didst shed at the Holy Sepulchre, to Jesus thy Divine Son, that they may be accepted in expiation of past sin. Let me never forget thy sorrows, and obtain that I may never again by fresh sin crucify my loving Saviour.

Prayer. Seven *Hail Marys*, and the first verse of the *Stabat Mater.*

Practice. Consider in the presence of God

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what particular sacrifice He requires of you, and resolve generously to offer it.

Aspiration. Most Sorrowful Virgin, pray for us.

II. Meditation.

Mary, in returning to her home, passes by Calvary.

Let us follow Mary when she leaves the Holy Sepulchre. St. John, the beloved disciple, and the holy women are with her. She must pass one by one the hallowed stations of her Divine Son's Passion. Let us meditate more especially on the sufferings of her sorrowful heart when she sees Calvary again, and the Cross on which Jesus a few hours before was crucified. She sees the ground beneath the Cross crimsoned with His Precious Blood. Oh! what a flood of bitter recollections deluges her soul at that moment! The three hours' agony when she stood watching her dying Son! noting each bleeding gash of His lacerated body, hearing the insults and blasphemies poured out against Him, seeing that chalice of humiliation, the gall and vinegar presented to His

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lips, listening to His last expiring words, His prayer for His enemies, and those words of bitter anguish and that last farewell addressed to herself—"Behold thy Son." And Mary kneels at the foot of the Cross, and clasps again and again, the hard wood, and kisses the stains of the Precious Blood which has brought salvation to her newly-adopted children.

Colloquy. O! Mary, these words—"Behold thy Son!" have sunk deep into thy heart, and will never be forgotten by thee.

Have we ever realised that Christ dying for us bequeathed to us what he most prized on earth, His own most beloved Mother to be ours? Have we ever realized the blessed privilege of being able to call her "Our Mother."

O! Mother of Sorrows! as thy life was one of continual grief, teach us like thee to love the Cross; let us in adversity share thy fortitude, and if ever a day shall come when we feel weighed down by trouble and grief, let us kneel in spirit at its foot, and remembering the parting gift of our dying

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Lord, invoke thy holy protection, and through the merits of those sufferings endured on Calvary, obtain peace of mind and resignation to the will of God. Teach us, O! Blessed Mother, to love Jesus as thou didst love Him, in suffering and humiliation, and obtain for us a true devotion to His Sacred Passion.

Prayer. Seven *Hail Marys*, and the second verse of the *Stabat Mater.*

Practice. Let us lay at the foot of the Cross whatever evil propensity is most opposed to the reign of Jesus in our souls, and devote our hearts to His love and that of Mary in her Sorrows.

Aspiration. Mary, Queen of Martyrs! pray for us.

III. Meditation.

Mary in her Solitude.

Let us follow Mary when she returns to the city of Jerusalem. St. John has taken her to his own home. Let us enter that house and remain awhile with our Mother in her Solitude.

Let us taste that feeling of utter desola-

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tion that pierces afresh her sorrowing heart! Mary is weeping bitterly, for great indeed is her affliction and sorrow, even as the sea. There is none now to gladden her heart, for Jesus, her Joy, her Comfort, and her All, is gone from her.

"Weeping she weeps; there is none to console her among all that are dear to her, because the Comforter, the relief of her soul, is gone from her." (*Lam.* i. 2-16.) "The Glorious One of Israel has forsaken her." (*Ib.* ii. 1-10.) "The Breath of her mouth, Christ the Lord, is taken away." (*Ib.* iv.20.) "Therefore does the Virgin of Jerusalem hold her peace, and sprinkle her head with dust, and gird herself with hair-cloth."

Jesus and Mary had been companions in joy and in sorrow, and no words can express their intimate union. Mary had shared the griefs of Jesus as a child. She had been the friend of His maturer years, and the companion of His lonely hours. She had shared His poverty, His humiliations, and the agony of His Passion. She clung to Him when all others had forsaken Him, and most

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willingly would she have laid her head in the grave of her Divine Son. But Jesus has departed from her, and Mary is alone; *alone* in her sorrow. How desolate is our bereaved Mother. How intense the anguish of that martyred heart! She has indeed drunk the chalice even to its dregs.

Every action of Mary's life was fulfilled with a view to Jesus, and was directed by the love of Him. It was this banishment from His sight, the severing of that close union with Him, that bitter separation from her Son which flooded her Immaculate Heart with the uttermost desolation.

Colloquy. O! most sorrowful Mary, if ever we should be overcome by that most cruel desolation of soul, and Jesus should leave us and hide Himself, so that we can nowhere find rest or consolation in prayer, let us then turn to thee, O! Mother of Mercy, and invoking thee by the merits of the sorrows endured in thy Desolation, may our past negligences be pardoned, and the light of thy Son's Countenance shine again upon our souls.

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Grant us, O! Mother, such a tender devotion to thy Sorrows, and above all to the Passion of Christ which caused them, that we may be daily more purified from sin, and finally be admitted to reign with thee and thy Divine Son for all eternity.

Prayer. Seven *Hail Marys*, and the third verse of the *Stabat Mater.*

Practice. Detachment from the things of this world. Frequently to beg of God the great gift of true devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Aspiration. O! Mother most desolate, pray for us now, and at the hour of our death.

A Novena,

In honour of the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin.

O! most blessed and afflicted Virgin, Queen of Martyrs! thou who didst stand unshrinking beneath the Cross beholding the agony of thy dying Son; through the sword of grief which pierced thee then, through the continual sufferings of thy life of sorrow, through the unutterable joy which now far more than repays thee for them, look down

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with a mother's pity and tenderness on me kneeling before thee to venerate thy sacred Sorrows and to lay my petition with child-like trust in the shrine of thy wounded heart. I beg of thee, O! Mother, continually to plead for me with thy Son, and through the merits of His most sacred Passion and Death, together with thy own sufferings at the foot of the Cross, so touch His Sacred Heart who can refuse thee nothing, that I may surely obtain my request. To whom shall I fly in my wants and miseries, if not to thee, O Mother of Mercy, who having so deeply drunk of the chalice of thy Son, canst most pity and feel for us poor exiles, still doomed to sigh in this valley of tears. Offer to Jesus but one drop of His Precious Blood, but one pang of His Adorable Heart; remind Him that thou art our life, our sweetness, and our hope, and obtain what I ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

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PRAYER TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT AND TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Pope Pius VI., of holy memory, by a Rescript of Nov. 7, 1787, granted—

An Indulgence of 100 days, once a day, to all the faithful who say devoutly the following Prayer, "Behold my most loving Jesus," to the Most Holy Sacrament and the most loving Heart of Jesus. Pope Pius VII., by another Rescript of the *Segretaria* of the Memorials, dated Feb. 9, 1818, confirmed this Indulgence. This Rescript is kept in Rome, in the Archivium of the Pious Union of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at S. Maria in Capella, now transferred to S. Maria in Pace.

The Prayer.

Behold, my most loving Jesus, to what an excess Thy boundless love has carried Thee. Of Thine own flesh and Precious Blood Thou hast made ready for me a banquet in order to give me all Thyself. What was it that impelled Thee to this transport of love for me? It was Thy Heart, Thy loving Heart. O Adorable Heart of my Jesus! burning furnace of Divine Love! within Thy most sacred wound receive Thou my soul; that in that school of charity I may learn to requite the love of God Who has given me such wondrous proofs of His love. AMEN.

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Seven Days' Devotion,

IN HONOUR OF THE SORROWS OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

Commencing on the Fifth Saturday in Lent and concluding on Friday in Passion Week.

Supplication to the most Holy Virgin.

To commence the Seven Days' Devotion.

O, most Holy and Sorrowful Mary, ever Virgin Mother of God, and Mother of sinners, although unworthy by my grievous sins to count myself among the number of thy children, yet encouraged by the powerful recommendation of thy most loving Son, when He gave me to thee from the wood of the cross, I confide in thy great sweetness and goodness, which incline thee to compassionate the miserable. I desire to love thee and serve thee, because by doing so I shall render myself pleasing and agreeable to thy Divine Son. I choose thee for my especial Mother, Protectress and Queen, and wish to serve thee, love thee, now and always, to the end of my life.

I beseech thee, Most Gracious Lady, by the Precious Blood of thy sweet Jesus, and by thy bitter Sorrows, to admit me to the

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number of thy servants and children, whom I commit to thy protection. Assist me in all my thoughts, and words, and works, considering me as belonging to thee. Let that sword of grief which pierced thy heart, penetrate mine, and fill me with sorrow when I consider the multitude of my sins. Permit me not, my dear Mother, ever to separate myself from God or from thee, that neither my tepidity nor my sins may break this contract of love, which I desire should be firm and constant; obtain that I may amend my life, and through thy prayers and intercession arrive at the enjoyment of eternal happiness. AMEN.

Act of Contrition.

To be recited every day.

Most afflicted Mother of God, and most dear Lady, behold me before thee, filled with grief for having offended thy beloved and only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; confessing that the blows with which my sins loaded His body were the penetrating swords which pierced thy heart. O, sweet Mother, filled with grief, great is my sorrow

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for having offended my God and my Redeemer, because He is what He is, and because He is thy Son, and I determine in all the sincerity of my soul never more to sin and cause thee fresh sorrow. I beg of thee humbly, in thy goodness, to obtain for me the grace necessary to keep my resolution, and the pardon which I hope for through the means of thy powerful intercession. AMEN.

Petition to our Lady.

To be made every day.

Most Sorrowful and Immaculate Mary, our Virgin Mother, filled with desolation, prostrate at thy feet, I pray thee humbly that if the favours which I ask in this Seven days' devotion are for the glory of God and the good of my soul, thou wilt obtain them for me from the Divine Majesty, and, that if not, in all things the Divine will may be accomplished.

FIRST DAY.

Prophecy of Holy Simeon.

Sad and disconsolate Virgin Mary, most Sorrowful Mother of God, and Mother of sinners, who, in presenting in the Temple

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thy Most Holy Son, heard from the mouth of venerable Simeon that terrible prophecy, that this Child should be a sword which would pierce thy soul, thus signifying the cruel torments and frightful death He would have to suffer for our redemption. By this, thy bitter sorrow, I humbly pray thee obtain for me a perfect contrition for all my sins and offences, eternal rest to the souls in Purgatory, and the intentions of this devotion, if they are for the glory of God and the good of my soul. AMEN.

Here recite seven *Ave Marias* and one *Gloria Patri*, in honour and memory of the Sorrows of Our Lady.

Offering to our Lady.

To be recited every day.

Sovereign Virgin Mary, most loving Mother of Sinners, who didst behold on the Altar of the Cross thy only begotten Son, offering Himself to the Eternal Father as an agreeable sacrifice for the redemption of man, and an entire satisfaction for his innumerable sins, obtain for us that looking on Him crucified we may be penetrated by thy bitter

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sorrow. I beg of thee, also, to have pity on all who know not our dear Lord, that they may be brought into the bosom of the Holy Church.

(Here raising your heart to God and His Most Holy Mother, make your intentions.)

Supplication to Jesus.

To be made every day.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, nailed to the Cross for the sins of men, Thou who desirest that no man should perish, having offered for all the inestimable price of Thy Precious Blood, and placed us under the protection of Thy Most Holy Mother, that we might consider ourselves the children of her Sorrows and the fruit of her tears; we especially implore Thy mercy in favour of those who are here united in this Seven days' devotion, as a grateful remembrance of the Pains and Sorrows of Thy Blessed Mother, and who have the happiness to declare and proclaim themselves her children and servants, hoping that at the hour of death, she, our gracious Mother, will recognize us as her children, and be our guide to conduct

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us to that heavenly country, where Thou, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest for endless ages. AMEN.

SECOND DAY.

Flight into Egypt.

Sad and disconsolate Virgin Mary, and deeply-tried Mother of God and Mother of sinners, who, learning from St. Joseph the message of the Angel, didst arise, at midnight, and fly with thy most precious Charge into Egypt, in order to avoid the treacherous Herod who sought the life of thy Beloved One.

By the cruel fears and anxieties which rent thy maternal heart, during this perilous journey, I humbly beg of thee to obtain for me grace to fly all occasions of sin, and to live in this transitory world, as a pilgrim whose heart is constantly yearning after his eternal home.

Obtain also, dearest Mother, I beseech thee, eternal rest for the souls in Purgatory, and the intentions of this Seven days' devotion, if they are for the honour and glory of God and the good of my soul. AMEN.

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THIRD DAY.

The Loss of Jesus in Jerusalem.

Sad and inconsolable Virgin Mary, sorrowful Mother of God, and Mother of sinners, who on thy return from Jerusalem to thy poor dwelling, didst lose thy dear Son Jesus, and seek him ceaselessly and sorrowing for three days, filled with bitterness at the privation of His sweet presence; by thy great Sorrow I humbly pray thee to obtain for me from thy recovered Son, that I may keep Him close to my soul, and that observing His Holy Commandments, I may arrive at the enjoyment of celestial happiness. Obtain, also, I beseech thee, eternal rest for the souls in Purgatory, and the particular intentions of this Seven days' devotion, if they are for the honour and glory of God and the good of my soul. AMEN.

FOURTH DAY.

Jesus carrying His Cross.

Sad and inconsolable Virgin Mary, sorrowful Mother of God, and Mother of sinners, who, filled with love and compassion, met in the Street of Bitterness, thy sweet Jesus

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crowned with thorns, fainting under the heavy weight of the Cross, covered with wounds, and most cruelly ill-treated by the Jews, who hurried Him to Calvary.

Through thy bitter Sorrow, I humbly pray thee intercede for me, that my heart may be softened, and that with contrition and devotion, I may contemplate thy Son and thee in this bitter moment.

I beg of thee, through thy powerful intercession, to obtain eternal rest for the souls in Purgatory, and the intentions of this Seven days' devotion, if they are for the honour and glory of God, and the good of my soul. AMEN

FIFTH DAY.

Jesus Crucified.

Sad and inconsolable Virgin Mary, sorrowful Mother of God, and Mother of sinners, who, following thy beloved Jesus to Calvary, didst behold Him stripped of His garments, nailed by the hands and feet, re-crowned with thorns, and suspended from the Cross, which thou didst behold let fall with so horrible a shock into the hollow in the rock,

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that His most Precious Blood flowed in abundance from His open wounds, until He expired, after having uttered the last testament of His seven Words.

Through His most Dolorous Passion, and thy own intense grief, obtain, I beseech thee, sweet Mother, that my heart may melt with sorrow, and my eyes flow with tears for having caused so much suffering.

Obtain also, I beseech, from Our Lord eternal rest for the souls in Purgatory, and the particular intentions of this Seven days' devotion, if they are for the honour and glory of God, and the good of my soul. AMEN.

SIXTH DAY.

Jesus is taken down from the Cross.

Sad and disconsolate Virgin Mary, Sorrowful Mother of God, and Mother of sinners, who, steadfast at the foot of the Cross of thy most sweet Son, didst behold a cruel soldier pierce His side with a lance; and, after the unnailing and taking down His body from the Cross, didst receive Him into thy tender arms, when thy tears flowed like a torrent,

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in contemplating the clouding of His beauty, the frightfulness of His livid wounds, and the depth and number of His scars.

By these bitter torments, and by thy cruel anguish, I beseech thee, most loving Mother, obtain for me that my heart may accompany thee in thy Sorrows, with the most bitter grief, and the most sincere and lively repentance. Obtain also, I beseech thee, eternal rest for the souls in Purgatory, and the intentions of this Seven days' devotion, if they are for the honour and glory of God, and the good of my soul. AMEN.

SEVENTH DAY.

The Burial of Jesus and the Desolation of Mary.

Sad and disconsolate Virgin Mary, Sorrowful Mother of God, and Mother of sinners, who, oppressed with grief, didst give up the body of thy most holy Son to be carried to the tomb, and afterwards reverently accompany it to the sepulchre, which, being closed with a large stone, thou didst remain alone, and deprived of thy Beloved; by this sea of bitterness, by this extreme desolation, by these sorrows without number,

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obtain for me the gift of tears, that I may accompany and compassionate thee in the midst of thy anguish. Obtain for me the grace to know how to please and serve Jesus and thee by an entire change of life. Pray also to God, my sweet Mother, I beseech thee, that He would grant eternal rest to the souls in Purgatory, and the particular intentions of this Seven days' devotion, if they are for the honour and glory of God and the good of my soul. AMEN.

A Prayer.

To obtain the grace to know our Blessed Lord, and to love Him.

O! Lord Jesus Christ, we beg of Thee the grace that we may know Thee and love Thee. We beg it—

By Thy Mother, Holy Mary.

By Thy Immaculate Mother, in whom there is no sin.

By Thy Mother full of grace.

By Thy admirable Mother, who crushed the Serpent's head.

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By Thy humble Mother, who said to the Angel, "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord."

By Thy Mother, who bore Thee in her womb.

By Thy grateful Mother, who said "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

By Thy glorious Mother, whom Thou dost love to honour.

By Thy divine Mother, for whom Thou hast done great things.

By Thy mother, at whose voice the infant in the womb rejoiced, and was sanctified.

By the Mother, poor and lonely, who gave Thee birth in Bethlehem.

By the tender Mother who carried Thee in her arms, heard Thy first cry, looked on Thee with her eyes, called Thee by Thy name, dried Thy tears, fed Thee in Thy infancy.

By Thy silent Mother, who never told her greatness.

By Thy thoughtful Mother, who kept in her heart all that concerned Thee.

By Thy amiable Mother, blessed amongst women.

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By Thy Mother who shared every joy and every sorrow of Thy life and death.

By the faithful Mother who fled with Thee to Egypt, lived with Thee at Nazareth, sought Thee sorrowing, and found Thee with great gladness.

By Thy resigned Mother, who bade Thee farewell when Thy time was come to leave her.

By Thy charitable Mother, at whose prayer Thou didst change water into wine.

By the sorrowful Mother, who went out to see Thee die, and met Thee on Thy way to Calvary.

By the suffering Mother, who saw Thee fall under Thy Cross.

By the gentle Mother, who wove Thy seamless garment, and saw Thee stript of it.

By the broken-hearted Mother, who stood by while they stretched Thee on Thy death-bed.

By the Mother who was listening when the nails were driven in.

By the Mother who saw gall given thee to drink.

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By the Mother who looked up to Thee hanging on the Cross.

By the Mother who prayed to Thee for the Thief, and for the Jews.

By Thy own Mother, whom Thou didst give to be a mother to us.

By the desolate Mother who witnessed Thy agony.

By the unpitied Mother, whom the rabble did not reverence.

By Thy virgin Mother, who shared Thy shame.

By the Mother who heard Thee say "I thirst," and could not refresh Thee.

By the Mother who saw the end, when all was consummated.

By the Mother who heard Thy last cry.

By the Mother who was standing by the Cross when Thou didst bend Thy head, and give up Thy Soul into the hands of Thy Father.

By the martyred Mother who survived Thee.

By the Mother who saw Thy heart laid open.

By the Mother whose soul the sword of sorrow pierced through and through.

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By Thy meek and forgiving Mother, whose heart was according to Thine own heart.

By the disconsolate Mother, who received Thy dead body from the Cross, and looked on all Thy wounds.

By the Mother who sat by Thy tomb.

By the forlorn Mother, who wept in solitude.

By the Mother who yearned to see Thee arisen and glorified.

By the Mother whom Thy joy and Thy glory consoled ineffably.

By Thy most obedient Mother, who saw Thee ascend to Heaven, and remained herself on earth.

Be Thy most patient Mother, who lived an exile, and watched over Thy infant Church.

By the Mother who languished after Thee, and died for love of Thee.

By Thy Mother, who is like to Thee, and sees Thee as Thou art, and sits at Thy right hand, the Queen of Angels, and of men, and Mother of God.

By Thy Mother, Holy Mary, the refuge of sinners, through whose hands Thou willest all good to come to us.

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The Prayer "En Ego," etc.

Pope Pius VII., by a decree of the S. Congr. of Indulgences, dated April 10, 1821, granted—

A plenary Indulgence to all who shall devoutly say the following prayer before any representation of Jesus crucified, with contrite hearts, praying for the wants of Holy Church, after Confession and Communion.



En ego, O bone et dulcissime Jesu, ante conspectum tuum genibus me provolo ac maximo animi ardore te oro atque obtestor ut meum in cor vividos fidei, spei, et charitatis sensus, atque veram peccatorum meorum pœnitentiam, eaque emendandi firmissimam voluntatem velis imprimere: dum magno animi affectu, et dolore tua quinque Vulnera mecum ipse considero, ac mente contemplor, illud præ oculis habens, quod jam in ore ponebat suo David Propheta de Te, O bone Jesu: "Foderunt manus meas et pedes meos; dinumeraverunt omnia ossa mea."

Or, in English—

O good and sweetest Jesus, before Thy

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face I humbly kneel, and with the greatest fervour of spirit I pray and beseech Thee to vouchsafe to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, true contrition for my sins, and a most firm purpose of amendment; whilst I contemplate with great sorrow and affection Thy five Wounds, and ponder them over in my mind, having before my eyes the words which, long ago, David the prophet spoke in his own person concerning Thee, my Jesus:—"They digged my hands and my feet; they numbered all my bones."—*Ps.* xxi. 17, 18.

CONCLUSION.

It is related in the revelations of St. Bridget that our Divine Saviour promised His Blessed Mother that no one devoutly commemorating and compassionating her Sorrows, and through them invoking her help, should ever die without true contrition for sin; and in like manner, that any one being in trouble or affliction, and practising this devotion, especially at the hour of death, should obtain help and relief. More-

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over, that in consideration of her Sorrows, no favour asked through them should be refused which should be for the real advantage and good of the supplicants.

1. A nobleman who, for 60 years, had led a most profligate life, and neglected the Sacraments, though he had never given up certain practices of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was on his death bed struck with deep contrition for his past life, and after making a good confession, died in peace. It was afterwards revealed by our Lord to St. Bridget, that this sinner obtained peace and grace from God, on account of his having retained through his whole life a heartfelt devotion to the Sorrows of our Blessed Lady, which he had always compassionated, whenever he thought of, or heard others speak of them.

2. At Altenbroeck, in Holland, a child of three years of age, the daughter of a tradesman, was suddenly struck blind. Her parents eagerly sought the best medical aid, but alas! they were assured that their child's blindness was incurable. The poor mother

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was on the point of giving way to despair, when one night she was startled by a voice bidding her have confidence in God's mercy, and invoke the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, through her Sorrows. The poor woman thought it was a dream, but the next night the same words were repeated to her a second and a third time. After the third warning she could no longer doubt, and on the following morning she went to the Altar of Our Lady of Sorrows, and kneeling, made her humble offerings, and prayed long and fervently, firmly believing that she who is the "Consoler of the afflicted" would hear her prayer, and obtain a blessing for her child. On rising from her knees she returned home, when she found that her little daughter had been miraculously restored to sight.

3. In the year 1532 the city of Genoa was ravaged by the plague. The Destroying Angel visited every house, and all the skill of the most able physicians could not stem the fatal malady. It already numbered its thousands, and the afflicted people in their

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desolate homes at length turned to prayer. The magistrates of the town, in deep mourning, repaired in procession to the Church in which was venerated the Image of our Lady of Sorrows; and with fervent prayer they invoked her all-availing intercession, begging through the merits of her Sorrows that the inhabitants might be delivered from the plague. Their prayers were answered, the plague was checked, and soon died away; when praise and thanksgiving were gratefully offered at the same shrine by those who shortly before had knelt there as tearful supplicants.

We might multiply to any extent these examples of Divine favours granted to the intercession of Our Blessed Lady and Mother, through the Invocation of her Sorrows; and the above brief narratives which are well attested, and are extracted from foreign Manuals are sufficient to prove that favourable answers have been given to prayers offered to Heaven in memory of the Sorrows of our Blessed Lady.

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INDULGENCES

In connection with the Confraternity of the Sorrows of the B. V.

I. Plenary Indulgence on day of receiving Scapular, and being enrolled in the Confraternity.

II. Plenary Indulgence to be gained on the chief feasts of the Confraternity, by visiting the Church or Oratory where it is established.

III. A plenary Indulgence and remission of all sins to those who at the hour of death shall have made their Confession and received Holy Communion; or who not being able to Confess and receive Communion, shall at least be truly contrite, and call upon the holy name of Jesus, with the mouth, or at least in heart.

IV. An Indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines, on the Nativity, Purification, Annunciation, and Assumption of the B. V., and on every Friday, by reciting on those days, in memory of the Passion of Jesus Christ, five *Our Fathers* and five *Hail Marys.*

V. An Indulgence of five years, and as many quarantines, for accompanying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, and praying for their recovery.

VI. A plenary Indulgence, by joining in the procession of the Seven Sorrows on the third Sunday in the month, or other day appointed for the purpose.

INDULGENCES

Granted to the Rosary of the Seven Sorrows.

To all those wearing the Scapular of the Sorrows, who being truly contrite, have made their Confession, or be resolved to do so, shall devoutly recite the above Rosary, consisting of seven parts (each part containing one *Our Father* and seven *Hail Marys,*) with three *Hail Marys* in honour of the tears of our Lady;—

I. An Indulgence of 200 days for each *Our Father* and each *Hail Mary* said on this Rosary on Fridays, on the chief festivals of the Seven Sorrows, with their Octaves, and on all the days of Lent.

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II. An Indulgence of 100 days, when reciting it at other times.

III. An Indulgence of seven years, and as many quarantines, in addition to the above-named, for saying the whole Rosary, either alone, or in company with others.

FURTHER INDULGENCES.

I. An Indulgence of 100 years for all those who, being truly contrite, and having confessed, or being resolved to do so, shall recite the whole Rosary.

II. An Indulgence of 150 years for those who, having Confessed and Communicated, shall say the Rosary on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and on any Holy Day of Obligation.

III. A plenary Indulgence and remission of all sins, to be gained on one day of the year at pleasure, for saying the Rosary four times a week, reciting it also on that day after Confession and Communion.

IV. A plenary Indulgence and remission of all sins for saying the Rosary continuously during one month, and going to Confession and Communion on one of those days.

V. An Indulgence of 200 years for saying the Rosary after Confession.

VI. An Indulgence of ten years to those who, truly contrite, having Confessed and Communicated, and being accustomed frequently to say the Rosary and carry it about them, shall devoutly assist at Mass, or be present at sermons, or accompany the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, or bring sinners to repentance, or make peace between enemies, or further, devoutly saying seven *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys*, shall perform any other spiritual or temporal work of mercy, in honour of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin, or their Patron Saint.

VII.—All these Indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

N.B.—In order to gain these Indulgences, the Rosaries must be blessed by a Priest duly authorized. When blessed, if sold or lent, the Indulgence ceases.

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RULES

Recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Sorrows,

ST. PATRICK'S, SOHO.

I.—To confess and communicate on the day of enrolment, in order to gain the plenary Indulgence granted for that occasion.

II.—To say daily, seven *Paters* and seven *Aves*, for the intentions of the Confraternity, and once a week, the Rosary of the Sorrows.

N.B.—These prayers can be commuted by the Director of the Confraternity.

III.—To practise some mortification on the vigils of the festivals of Our Lady, and on the Fridays throughout the year.

IV.—To visit the Altar of our Lady of Sorrows, and to go to Confession and Communion on the two principal feasts of the Sorrows, viz.: on the third Sunday in September, and on Friday in Passion Week, and also on the third Sunday of each month.

V.—To pray for the welfare of the Servite Order, of the merits and good works of which they are partakers.

* **These Rules are not obligatory. Those who omit them only lose the Indulgence attached to them.**

NOTICE.

1.—Those wishing to join the Confraternity, but who, from distance, from sickness, or from other causes, are unable to attend personally, can be enrolled on sending their name and address, to the Director of the Confraternity, 13, Soho Square, W.

2.—Intentions are recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity on Sunday, Thursday, and Friday evenings.

3.—Mass is offered for the Members of the Confraternity on Friday after the third Sunday in each month.

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